Shal. Go to I ſay, he ſhal haue no wrong, look about Dauy: where are you ſir Iohn? come, come, come, off with your boots, giue me your hand maſter Bardolfe.

Bard. I am glad to ſee your worſhip.

Shal I thank thee with my heart kind maſter Bardolfe, and welcome my tall fellow, come ſir Iohn.

Falſt. Ile follow you good maiſter Robert Shallow: Bardolfe, looke to our horſes: if I were ſawed into quantities, I ſhould make foure dozen of ſuch berded hermites ſtaues as maiſter Shallow: it is a wonderfull thing to ſee the ſemblable coherence of his mens ſpirits, and his, they, by obſeruing him, do beare themſelues like fooliſh Iuſtices: hee, by conuerſing with them, is turned into a Iuſtice-like ſeruingman, their ſpirits are ſo married in coniunction, with the participation of ſociety, that they flocke together in conſent, like ſo many wild-geeſe. If I had a ſuite to maſter Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation, of beeing neere their maiſter: if to his men, I would curry with maiſter Shallow, that no man could better commaund his ſeruants. It is certaine, that eyther wiſe bearing, or ignorant cariage is caught, as men take diſeaſes one of another: therefore let men take heede of their company. I will deuiſe matter enough out of this Shallow, to keepe prince Harry in continuall laughter, the wearing out of ſixe faſhions, which is foure termes, or two actions, and a ſhal laugh without interuallums. O it is much that a lie, with a ſlight oathe, and a ieſt, with a ſad browe, will doe with a fellow that neuer had the ach in his ſhoulders: O you ſhall ſee him laugh til his face be like a wet cloake ill laide vp.

Shal. Sir Iohn.

Falſt. I come maiſter Shallow, I come maſter Shallow.

Enter Warwike, duke Humphrey, L. chiefe Iuſtice, Thomas Clarence, Prince Iohn, Weſtmerland.

War. How now, my lord chiefe Iuſtice, whither away?

Iuſt. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well, his cares are now all ended.

Iuſt. I hope not dead.

War.

War. Hees walkt the way of nat
And to our purpoſes he liues no m
Iuſt. I would his Maieſtie had
The ſeruice that I truely did his life,
Hath left me open to all iniuries.
War. Indeede I thinke the yon
Iuſt. I know he doth not, and do
To welcome the condition of the t
Which cannot looke more hideou
Than I haue drawne it in my fanta
Enter John, Thomas, a
War. Heere come the heauy iſſ
O that the liuing Harry had the te
Of he, the worſt of theſe three gent
How many Nobles then ſhould ho
That muſt ſtrike faile to ſpirites of
Iuſt. O God, I feare all will be o
John Good morrow coſin Wa
Prin. ambo Good morrow coſi
John We meete like men that ha
War. We do remember, but ou
Is all too heauy to admit much talk
John Well, peace be with him th
Iuſt. Peace be with vs, leſt we b
Humph. O good my lord, you h
And I dare ſweare you borrow not
Of ſeeming ſorrow, it is ſure your
John Though no man be aſſur
You ſtand in coldeſt expectation,
I am the ſorier, would twere otherw
Cla. Well, you muſt now ſpeake
Which ſwimmes againſt your ſtrea
Iuſt. Sweet princes, what I did, I
Led by th'impartiall conduct of my
And neuer ſhall you ſee that I will
A ragged and foreſtald remiſſion,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 2* (STC 22288) LONDON, 1600 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (B